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THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU

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SHANG-CHI AND
SHOCKWAVE
BATTLE THE
MINDLESS
MINIONS OF
MORDILLO!



**BRYNOCKI
TRIUMPHANT!**



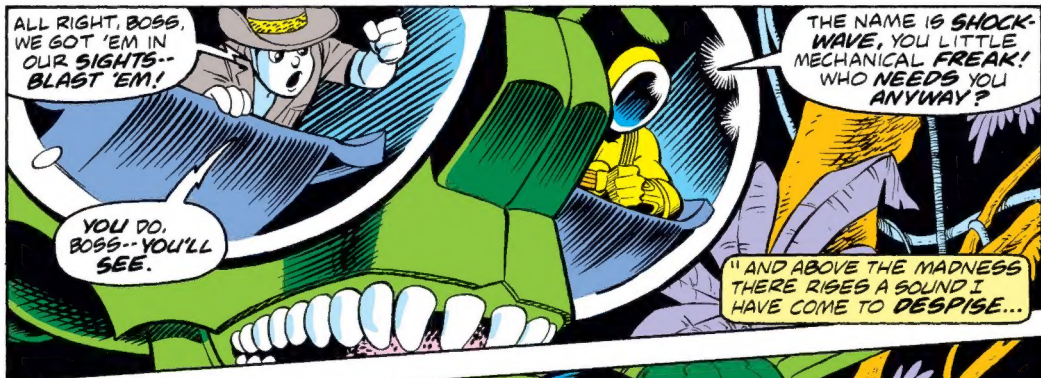
"Call me Shang-Chi, as my *father* did, when he raised me in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. Since then, I have learned that my father is Dr. Fu Manchu, the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to *honor* him would bring nothing but *dishonor* to the spirit of my name.

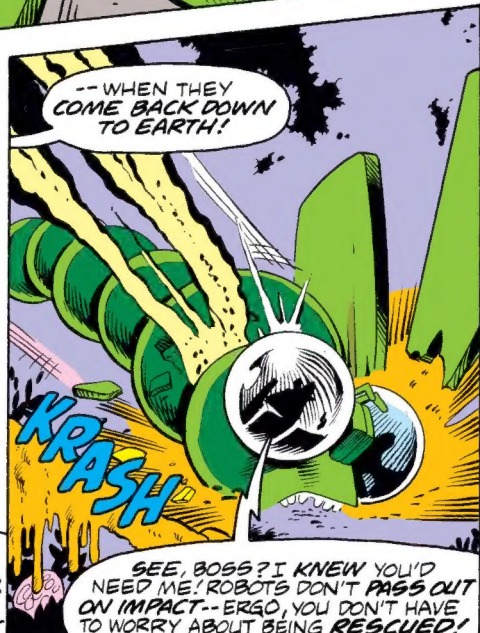
Stan Lee PRESENTS: **MASTER OF KUNG FU!**™

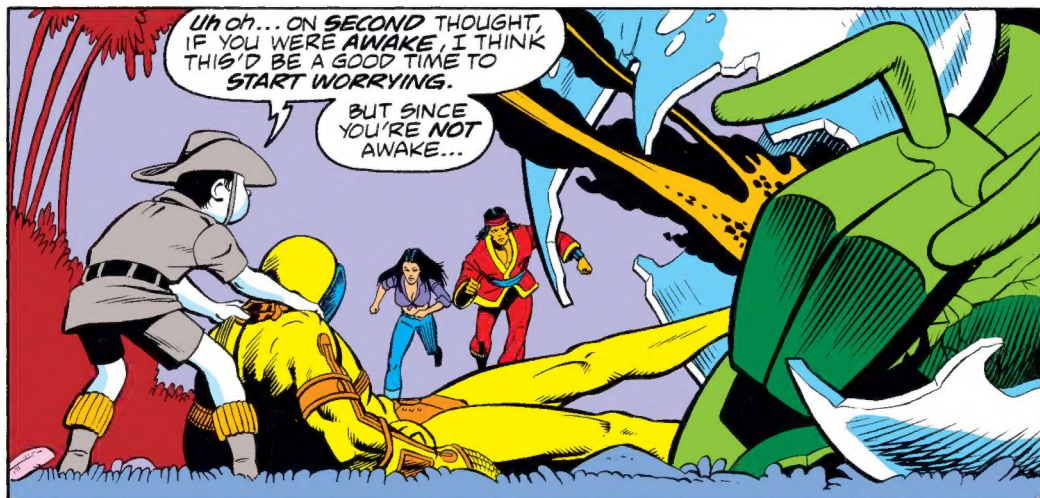
Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

DOUG MOENCH / WRITER MIKE ZECK / PENCILER BRUCE PATTERSON / INKER / LETTERER PETRA G. / COLORIST ROGER STERN / EDITOR JIM SHOOTER / EDITOR-IN-CHIEF









UH OH... ON **SECOND** THOUGHT, IF YOU WERE **AWAKE**, I THINK THIS'D BE A GOOD TIME TO **START WORRYING**.

BUT SINCE YOU'RE **NOT AWAKE**...



SO LONG, BOSS-- YOU'RE TOO BIG A SPECIMEN FOR **THIS** ENTOMOLOGIST. MAYBE I'LL **COME BACK** FOR YOU WHEN THE INVADERS AIN'T SO **RESTLESS**!

LET THE ROBOT GO, LEIKO-- WITHOUT **SHOCK-WAVE**, IT CAN DO LITTLE **HARM**.



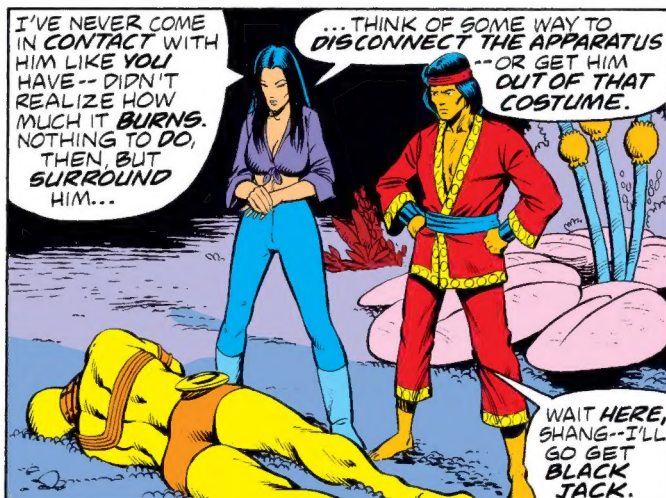
ALL RIGHT, SHANG, BUT WE'D BETTER MAKE **SURE** SHOCK-WAVE REALLY IS **HELPLESS**...

NO, LEIKO! DON'T TOUCH HIM WHILE HIS **ELECTROSHOCK APPARATUS** IS STILL--



OWTCH!

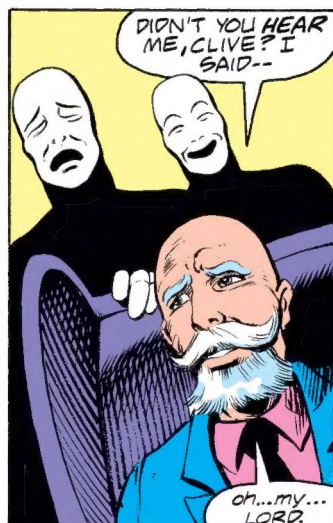
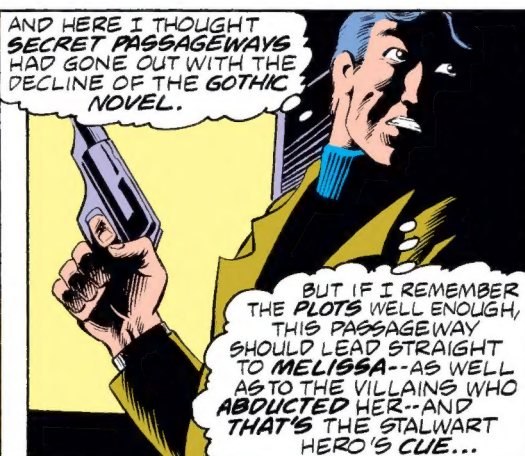
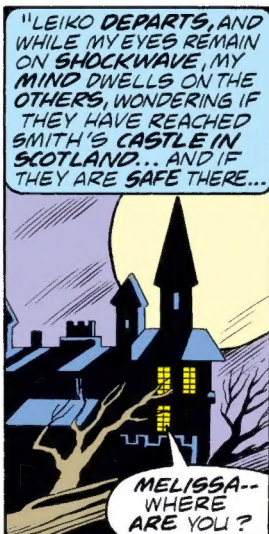
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...



I'VE NEVER COME IN **CONTACT** WITH HIM LIKE YOU HAVE-- DIDN'T REALIZE HOW MUCH IT **BURNS**. NOTHING TO DO, THEN BUT **SURROUND** HIM...

...THINK OF SOME WAY TO **DISCONNECT** THE APPARATUS --OR GET HIM OUT OF THAT **COSTUME**.

WAIT HERE, SHANG--I'LL GO GET **BLACK JACK**.





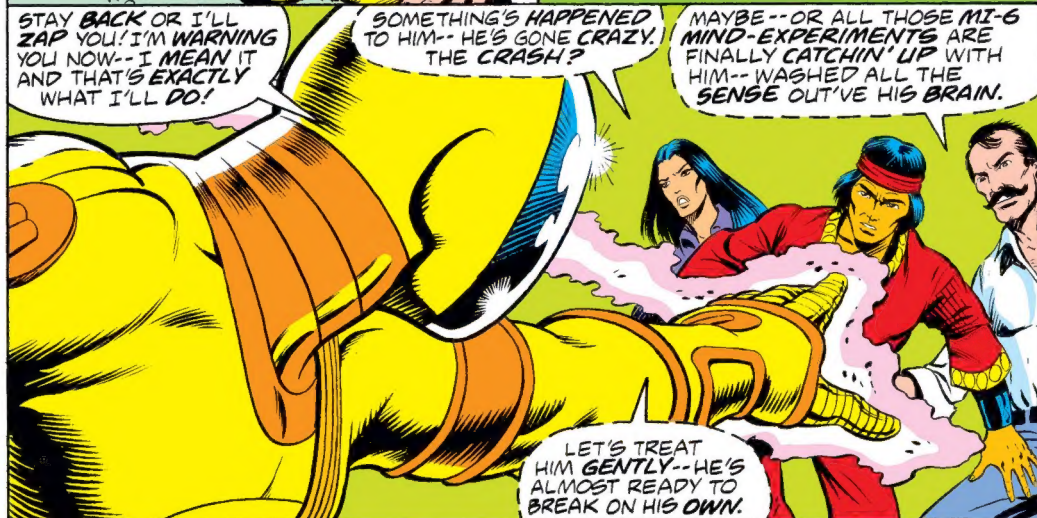
"HAS HIS BREATHING BECOME DEEPER, OR--?"

AWRIGHT, WU, HOLD THE GUN ON HIM WHILE I USE THESE WIRE-CUTTERS TO CLIP HIS LIGHTS OUT AND--



SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

"YES-- HE WAS AWAKE."

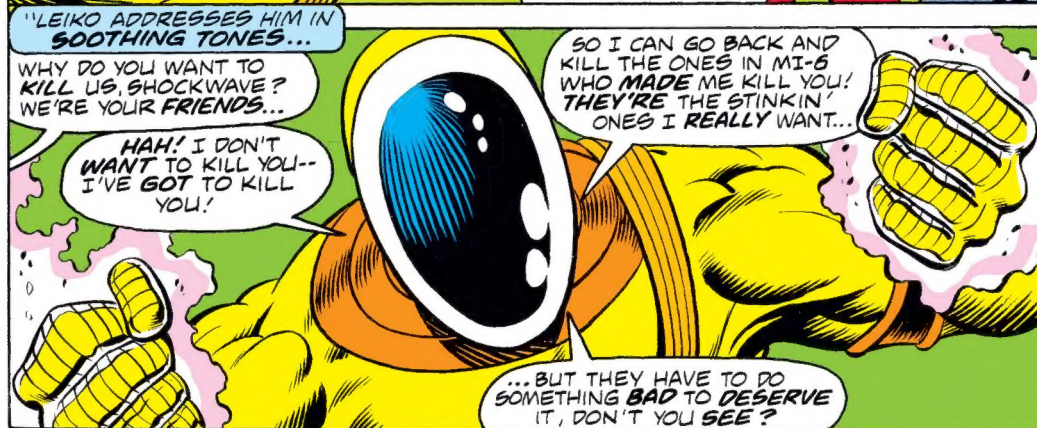


STAY BACK OR I'LL ZAP YOU! I'M WARNING YOU NOW-- I MEAN IT AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'LL DO!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM-- HE'S GONE CRAZY! THE CRASH?

MAYBE-- OR ALL THOSE MI-6 MIND-EXPERIMENTS ARE FINALLY CATCHIN' UP WITH HIM-- WASHED ALL THE SENSE OUT'VE HIS BRAIN.

LET'S TREAT HIM GENTLY-- HE'S ALMOST READY TO BREAK ON HIS OWN.



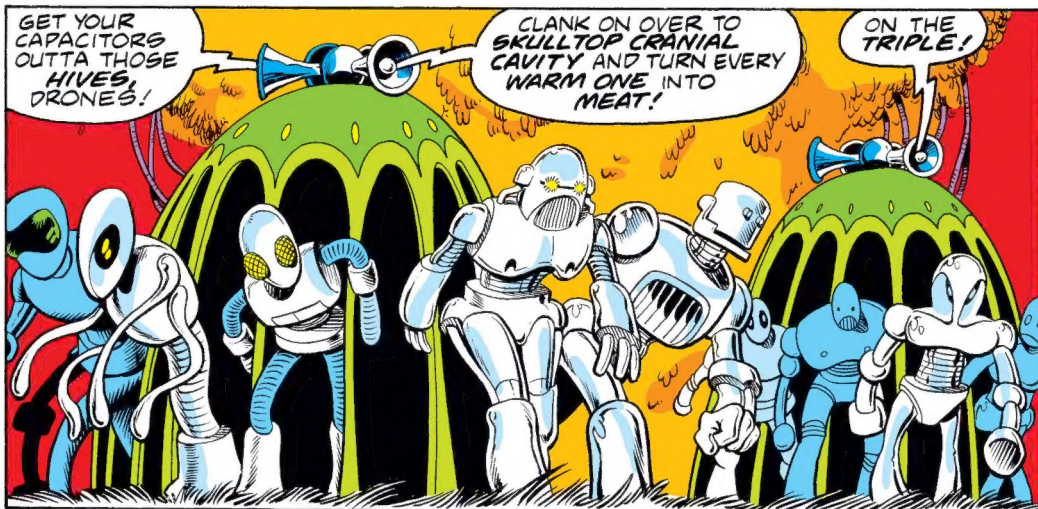
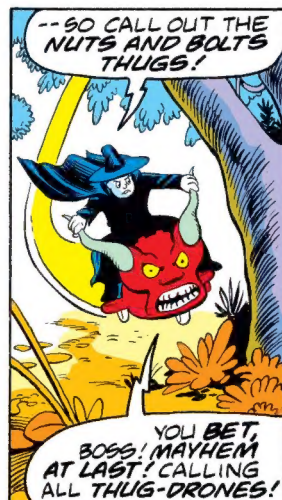
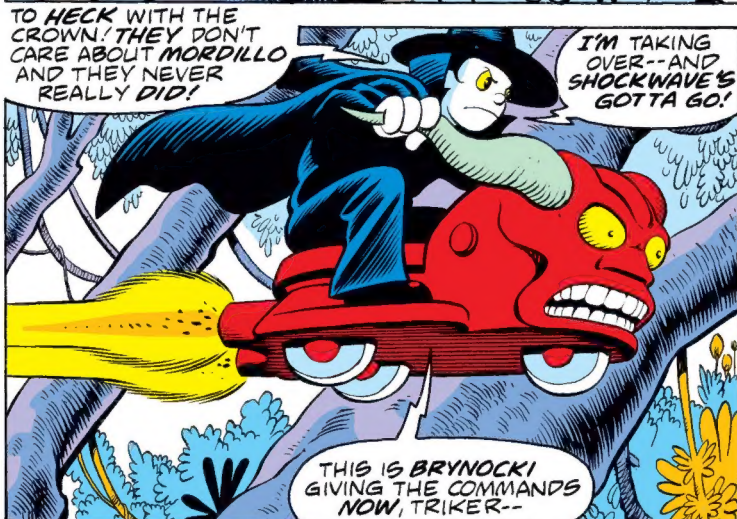
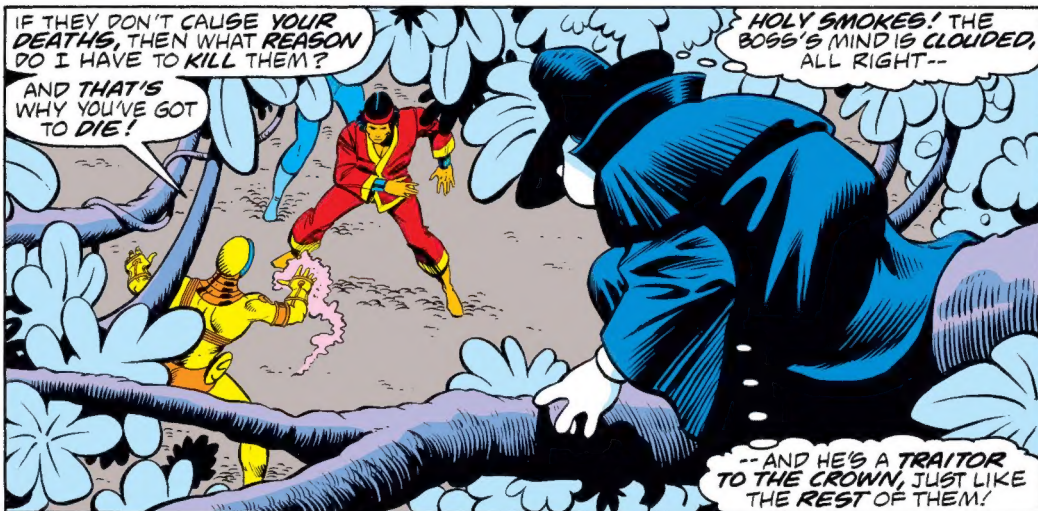
"LEIKO ADDRESSES HIM IN SOOTHING TONES..."

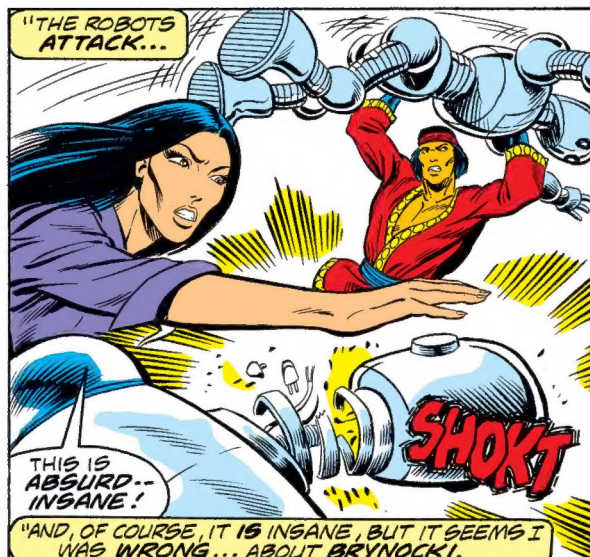
WHY DO YOU WANT TO KILL US, SHOCKWAVE? WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS...

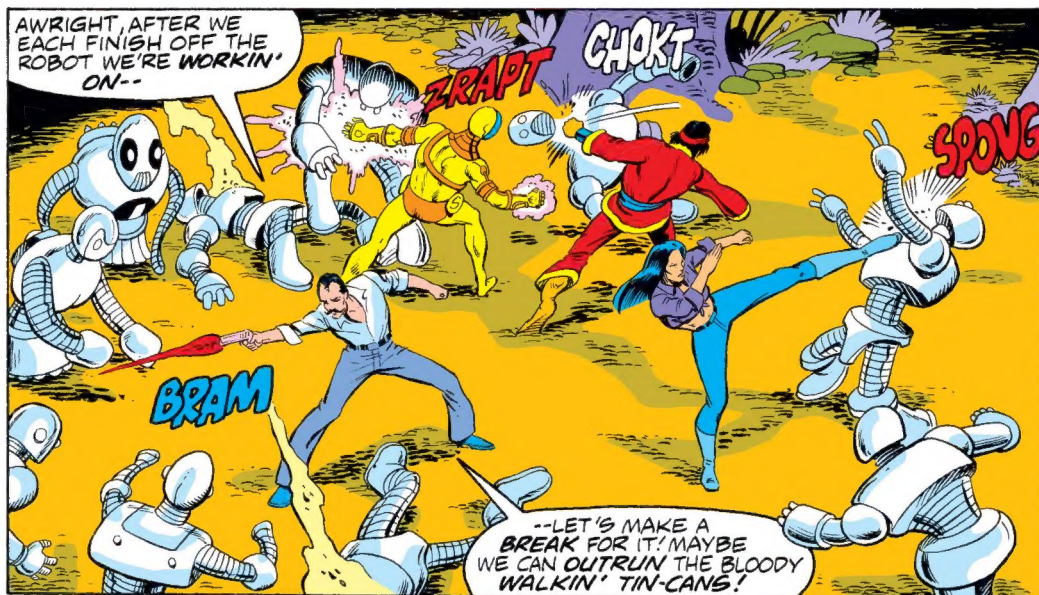
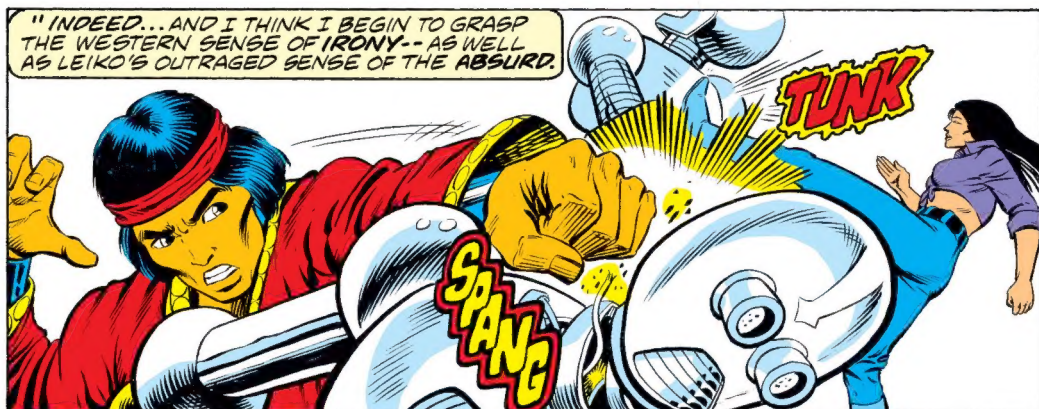
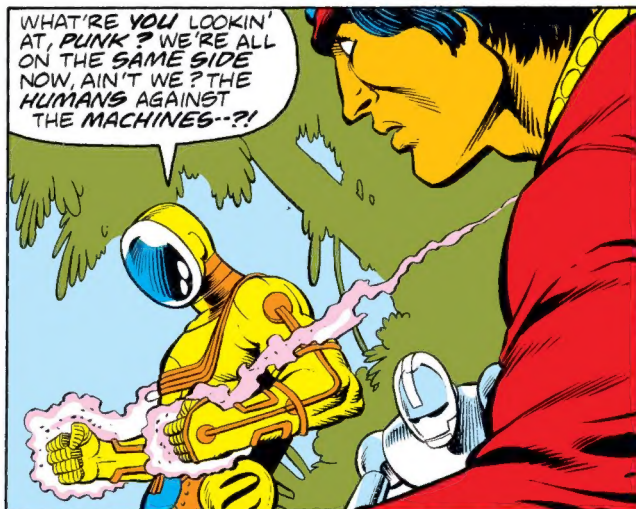
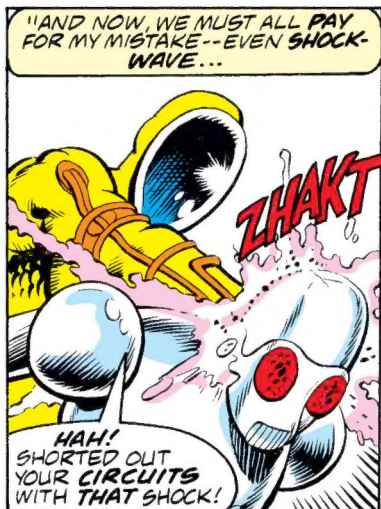
HAH! I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU-- I'VE GOT TO KILL YOU!

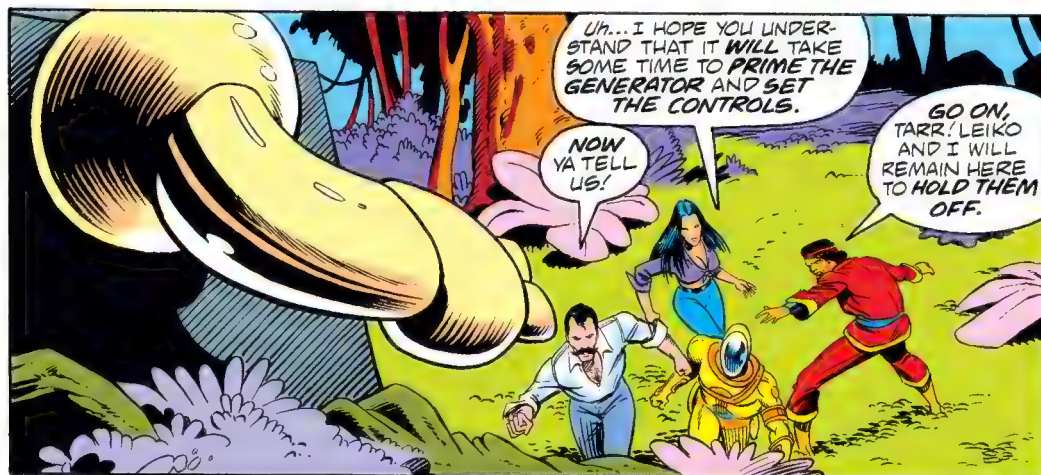
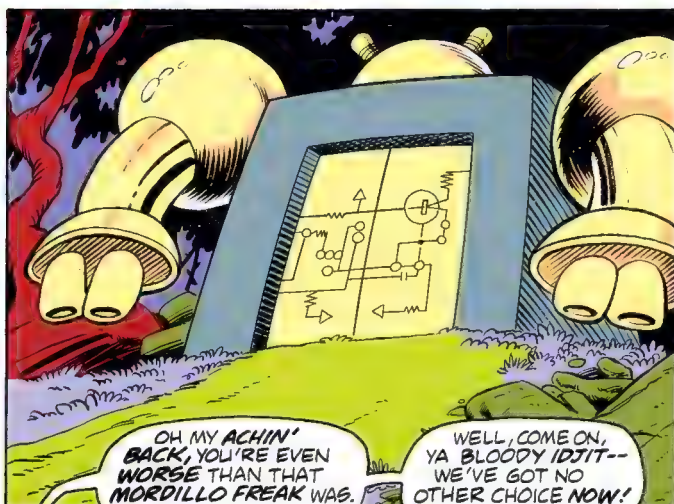
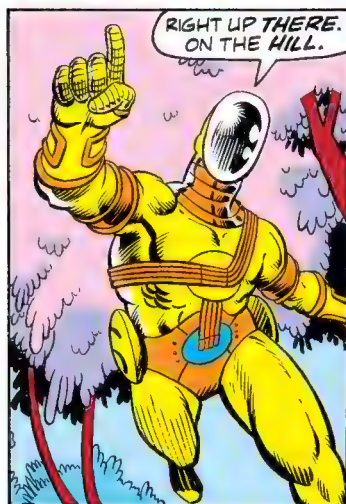
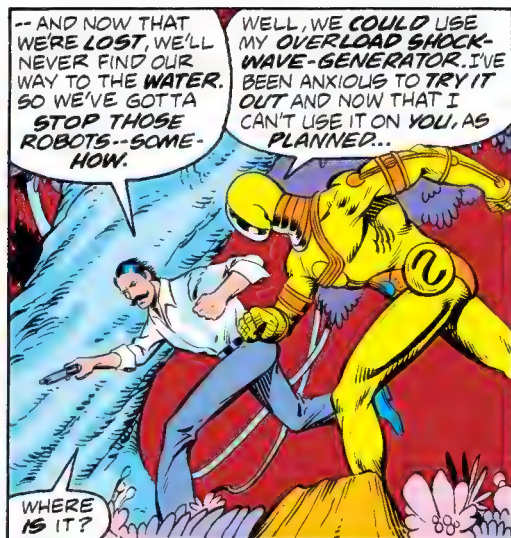
SO I CAN GO BACK AND KILL THE ONES IN MI-6 WHO MADE ME KILL YOU! THEY'RE THE STINKIN' ONES I REALLY WANT...

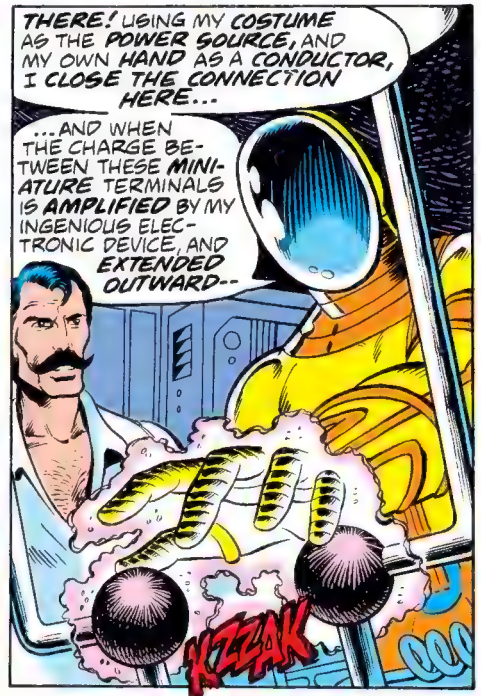
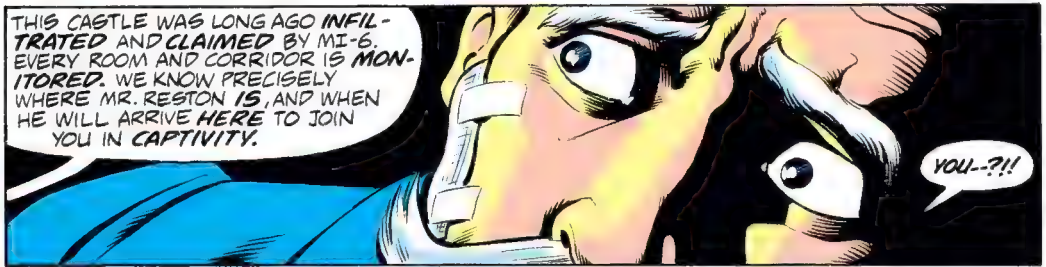
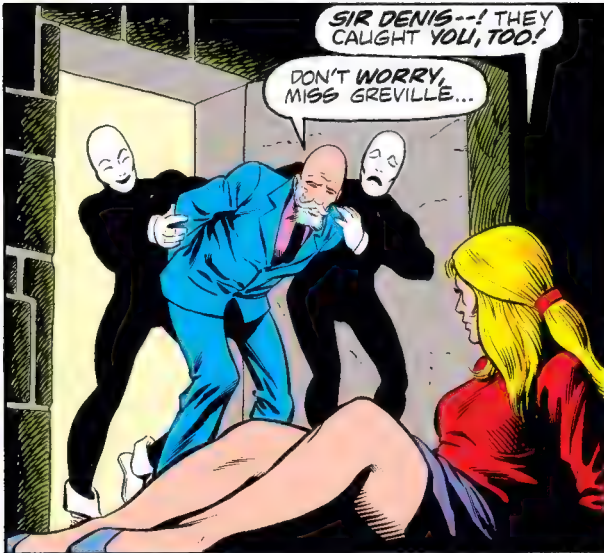
...BUT THEY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING BAD TO DESERVE IT, DON'T YOU SEE?

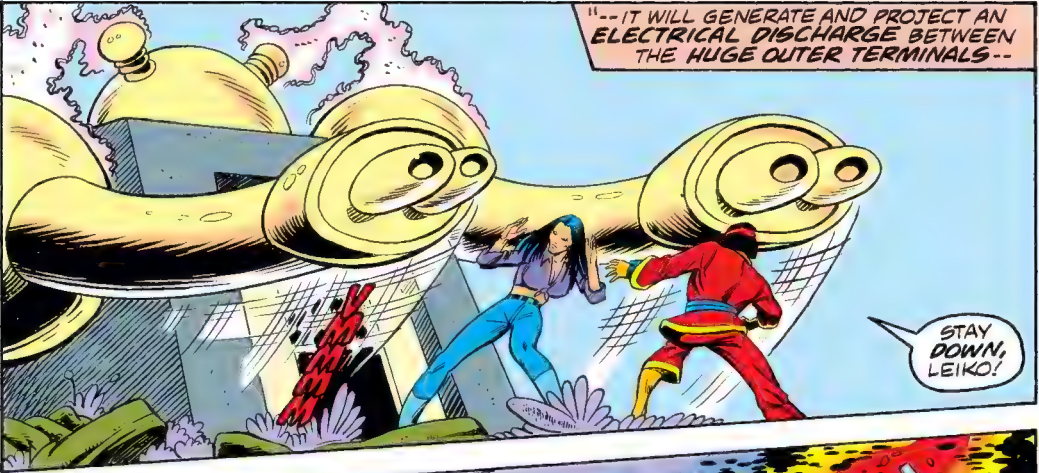














WELL, YOU SURE WEREN'T KIDDIN', WHACKO--IT BLASTED A PATH CLEAR TO THE WATER AT THE RIM OF THE ISLAND. LET'S GO.

WAIT. DIDN'T YOU JUST... HEAR SOMETHING?



YES... A RUSTLING FROM THE JUNGLE ... ON BOTH SIDES OF THE PATH. THE BLAST DID NOT DESTROY ALL THE ROBOTS.

THEN... IT'S LIKE A... A GIANT GAUNTLET... LEADING TO THE SEA.

YEAH, AND THERE THEY ARE--COMIN' OUT UP AHEAD TO WAIT FOR US.

WELCOME, FUTURE MEAT.

WELL, I GUESS WE AIN'T GOT ANY CHOICE BUT TO--

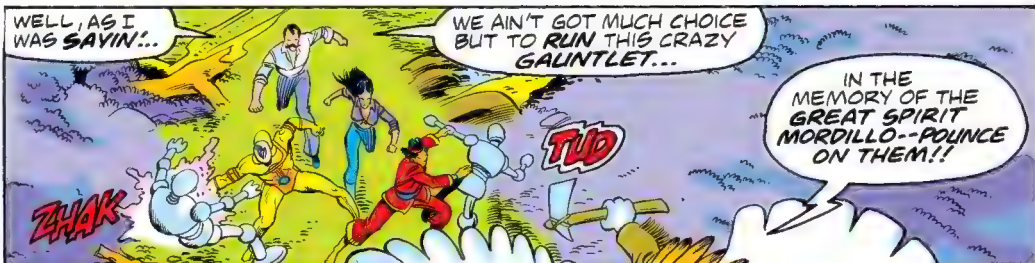
BE BRAVE, MY FELLOW WARRIOR-THUGS AND NOBLE SOLENOID SAVAGES!

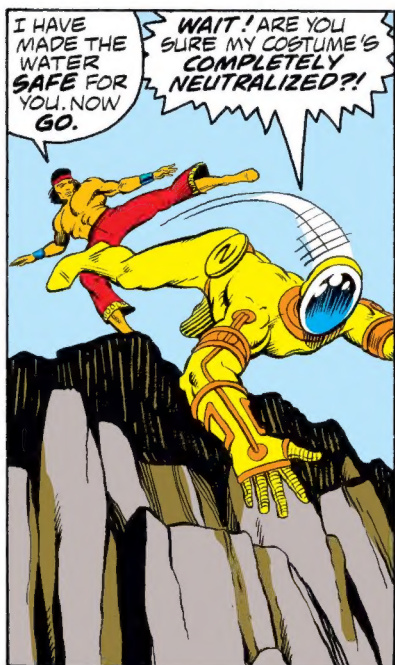
TOGETHER WE SHALL CONQUER THE INVADERS WHO SEEK TO STEAL OUR HUNTING GROUNDS!



OH, BROTHER.

"YES... I WAS EXTREMELY WRONG ABOUT BRYNOCKI."









COME FORTH, MONSTROBOT OF THE DEEP! SLAY YON QUICK AND CUNNING FISH!

YOU SEE? NOW THAT I'VE TAKEN OVER, EVEN OLD SARSFIELD'S GOTTA GO IN THE END, BUT IN THE MEANTIME I'VE GOTTA ADMIT-- HE DID A BANG-UP JOB ON THIS FAILSAFE GIZMO!

SARSFIELD...? THEN IF HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS MESS...LORD, SIR DENIS'LL BE FRIED ALIVE!

"TOO MUCH HAPPENS AT ONCE, ALL OF IT GROSS MADNESS, A LONG-DEAD MAD-MAN'S LEGACY SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END."

"THE MONSTER LOOMS. BREATH GROWS SHORT."

NEXT ISSUE THE SENSES-STUNNING CONCLUSION OF THE MORDILLO ISLE SAGA-- **SHATTERED CROWNS!**

MISSIVES TO THE MASTER!

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

ROGER STERN
EDITOR
JIM SALICRUP
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Bullpen,

Not too long ago I incorrectly assumed MASTER OF KUNG FU was your average comic book cashing in on a popular theme celebrated by our 1970s media-oriented culture. I've since had to radically reassess my opinions toward this comic; MOKF is a dynamic, dramatic, and thrilling example of the graphic story at its very best.

Issue #69 was no exception. In fact, this story was one of the most cathartic experiences I've ever had. Shang-Chi's reactions and emotions were most vividly expressed, and I found the story downright absorbing. The juxtaposition of plotlines in "Stairway to Rage" was spellbinding, and the paneling involved a highly effective cinematic approach to the story's inherent drama. The recurrent flashes of Shang-Chi's moments with Juliette exemplify this technique. Indeed, the Juliette sequences explained Shang-Chi's motivations for fighting Skull-Crusher, and the process of narrowing down each incident to a one-panel flash on page 30 fully conveyed to the reader the same strong emotional significance each moment held for Shang-Chi. Every panel contained his raw human reactions, past and present emotions dramatically linked by Juliette's recurrent dialogue: "I'm just...weak." In fact, I experienced Shang-Chi's sudden realization and subsequent disillusionment even as he did, and the impact of this moment was awesome. Scripting and paneling were flawless; to achieve such gripping reader identification, they had to be.

Keep up the great work. MASTER OF KUNG FU is one of Marvel's finest achievements, and it is certainly one of my personal favorites.

Debbie Dunacusk
Pinneyhill Apt. 37 Route 3
Ellington, CT 06029

Glad you appreciated the value of Shang-Chi's emotional roller coaster ride, Debbie. At the time "Stairway to Rage" was conceived, we were convinced (and reader reaction seems to bear us out) that most people have shared a similar experience in one form or another, taking that adrenalin-driven trip—a strange, sadly disorienting, but almost perversely exhilarating trip—through the emotional state of commingled love and rage. Enough to empathize with our characters. Enough to pause and reflect. Enough to *feel*.

Dear Folks,

This is not so much to congratulate you on the "China Seas" saga (although it was very good), but to comment on the Shang-Chi phenomenon in general. Recently I lucked into the first ten consecutive MOKFs, then the four Giant-Size issues, at a second-hand book store. I've been collecting the mag for about a year now, and it struck me how *much* Shang-Chi has grown since then. But more surprising is the fact that he's had the opportunity to grow at all. I mean, DEADLY HANDS is gone, IRON FIST's own magazine is gone, and all the other products of the kung fu craze are gone, too. Yet MOKF is still alive and kicking. I think it's the "growing" that's done it.

Consider the storyline. A kung fu "nut" shows up. We are asked to believe that he is the son of Fu Manchu, who has never before shown his face in the Marvel Universe. He renounces his ties with Dr. Fu, and this leaves him a stranger to everything he must now cope with. Hundreds of pages into the saga, he is still innocent in some ways, but The Outside has nevertheless taken the edge off many of his previous convictions. He must constantly re-evaluate himself and the people around him, while fighting merely to stay alive. He sees our world as alien to

nearly everything he was educated to believe, and so he can perceive the inherent fallacies in the things we Occidentals take for granted. Yet he must *live* in our world.

And this is the Master of Kung Fu: Martial artist supreme, foil to his Western acquaintances, unconscious social commentator, and innocent. Mix with liberal amounts of action, adventure, suspense, a dash of humor, and there you have it. A comic book that is hard to kill, that acquires a loyal core of fans, that can outlast fads and trends. In short, an excellent magazine. Thank you.

With other comics, a fan will write in to say they particularly liked a sequence of page so-and-so, or a particular two-page spread, or a particular issue. MOKF isn't like that. It is *always* good, and gets better with every issue. So all I can say is that I particularly like...MASTER OF KUNG FU.

Phil Jones
SPO
Sewanee, TN 37375

Dear Doug,

Did someone make a mistake on the separations for the cover of MOKF #68? It was the ugliest job of cover coloring I have ever seen in 25 years of reading comics!

The story, on the other hand, was a further example of the fine & intricate (& would you believe, I am happy to say, "typical") work I have come to expect from you, Doug. I was particularly entranced by the way you wound up the Kogar-Cat-Neutron Bomb plot while simultaneously developing tantalizing new twists in the Clive-Leiko-Shang-Chi-Juliette subplot. The last panel, which might otherwise have left me contented and replete (the world is safe once more, thanks to Our Hero), put me instead into an agony of suspense (will Clive's outstretched hand reach Leiko's shoulder? And if it does, what then?). It was a masterful touch, and it's a credit to your intensely realistic development of the characters of the past few years that I didn't feel you were just "throwing in some love-interest." Clive's gesture is something which has been in the making since MOKF #33 — and it struck me with the sort of impact which only the actions of someone I *know* can do.

As usual, I close in the hope that Fu Manchu will soon return, along with quasi-Oriental decor, the odor of incense, tastefully subliminal symbolism, and the half-seen shadows of Phansarg assassins lurking by full moon light in London's squalid Limehouse district.

P.S. I just picked up some reprints of Charlton's YANG comics and found to my amusement that the insidious Bill Wu used to give *them* hell too! This led to my desire to see a genuine *Jewish* villain in MOKF. I'm sick of being discriminated against! What's the matter — you think Jews ain't *smart* enough to be criminally demonic? Come on, Doug, that's *prejudice* — and Stan says *that's* a no-no! Give us a high-class Jewish villain or admit you're a bigot! I

Cat Yronwode
Route 1, Box 43
Mtn. Grove, MO 65711

Doug says: "Hey! What's the matter with this Cat? Such problems. And Cat? What kind of name is this, a name like Cat? Is she a girl or a guy? And furthermore, she should read all my stories and not *know*? She should read these stories, all of them, every one of them, and not realize that Velcro—God rest his soul—was a *Jew*?! Cat. Such a name is Cat?"

And as for that certain *other* Master Villain you mentioned, well... *we'll* never tell. (Until the proper moment, anyway...)

See ya next issue, People. Be good.